

## C. C. COLUMBIAN COURSE.

What Four Hundred Years of Human Progress Have Brought Forth.

The special feature of the "Loyal Home Workers" Department for the year 1892 will be the publication of the "Columbian Course," a series of general articles by the Editor will precede and accompany the contributed articles.

The course of study will bear upon the history of civilization as represented in the inventions, discoveries, arts, sciences, literature, architecture and mechanical appliances of four centuries of progress, extending from the dawn of the Christian era to the present time.

A series of general articles by the Editor will precede and accompany the contributed articles.

For the first, second and third best articles covering the following topics, prizes will be awarded.

1. What was the motive of the second voyage? 2. Did Columbus know that he had discovered a new world? 3. What great changes were going on in Spain at the time of the Columbus voyage? 4. What was the effect on Europe of the discoveries of Columbus?

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When Columbus discovered America, Great Britain was a rude and undeveloped country. That was 60 years before Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. Holiness, in his English annals, says: "There were very few chimneys, even in the capital city of London, and the smoke went out of the roof and window. The house was walled and plastered with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow. These were the days of the old nursery rhyme:

"When I was a bachelor I lived by myself, And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf; But the rats and the mice they made so much noise, That I was obliged to go to London to get myself a wife."

But when I got there the streets were so narrow I had to take my wife away in a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow was made of wood, and I had to push it with my hands. Down came the wheelbarrow, my wife and all."

This catastrophe to a fair bride, bedraggled in London mud, is in keeping with the time when there was no light in London streets, except pine torches, when the people lived on the coast and food and vegetables were not grown, except of the coastland kind.

It is well to remember how rude and factious our English ancestors were, as this will account for the fact that Great Britain was a century and more before Portugal, Spain and France were united and colonization in the new world beyond the seas.

When Columbus discovered America England was engaged in the exterminating war of the Roses, and not until the ascendancy of the House of Lancaster under Henry VII. in 1485, did any time or strength for maritime expedition or discovery.

Those were the days when the comforts and luxuries of a higher civilization were considered effeminate and debasing. In London, the man who brought over an umbrella from France was hoisted and stoned by an angry mob.

In those days actors and people of rank, who alone wore good clothes, were carried on the shoulders of men through the dirty streets. In those days Henry VIII. in 1499, did not allow any time or strength for maritime expedition or discovery.

As late as the 16th century, magistrates, ministers and other dignitaries were not permitted to ride, except on horseback or mules. The Queens were, as skilled in horsemanship, and the effect of Queen Anne in London, shows that even in garments that looked like women's.

And yet he called ignorant and uneducated by those who only knew him as an old slave who did little about the house and barn and talked and sang a great deal.

Education is measured by the number of books we have read, and he surely was woefully ignorant. But if an educated man is one who has a well-stored mind and who retains what he hears and absorbs and obeys, then our dear old William was educated. His mind was full of the courts, his thoughts lofty and elevated, his convictions strong, his insight clear, and his judgment sound.

He was fond of lectures and sermons and could report about them to his wife, his head and turned it over and over in his mind until it was thoroughly assimilated. If he went to a concert he could retain the music and hum any tune he heard. He was fond of art, and visited art stores and came home with all excitement over the lovely pictures that we must buy for our home. His analysis of men and women was keen and scathing, and he seldom made a mistake.

Soon after William came to us we children began to learn him to read and to write, and he was proud he was when he could write "William Miles" without a copy and in imitation of the childish, cramped hand that set him the copy. After that he had many important business matters that demanded his signature, which he wrote with swelling pride and gratitude.

In a short time he could read chapters in the Bible partly by picking out the letters, but mostly in the words of the old and venerable memory. William was a soldier, and belonged to a Grand Army Post, and was loved and petted by his comrades. One day he came home in the greatest excitement. He had been elected Chaplain of the Post, and his heart was bursting with pride and gratitude. In a short time, by having as read the Ritual a few times, he was master of it, and could repeat the entire contents of the book, even to the special services of Memorial Day.

Those who attended the Memorial services of Ford Post, Toledo, O., in 1892, will never forget it. One scene is so deeply impressed in me as I write the picture stands out in bold relief.

There were in full uniform, stand around the flower-decked graves of their dead, the solemn dirge from the band has ceased, and all eyes are turned toward the tall form of the Chaplain, who stands a little apart from the rest, with his black hat and with his eyes shining brightly with spiritual light. His rich, full, plaintive voice rises and falls with eloquent expression as he repeats without aid of book the long, beautiful prayer of Memorial Day.

You will all remember what has become of William, and if he lives, or has gone to join the majority of his comrades.

If you will visit the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, O., and inquire for Chaplain William Miles, he will greet you with a hearty handshake, and will say: "Bless that child; did she write about me?"

THE STORY OF A SLAVE.

Chaplain William Miles, of the Sandusky Soldiers' Home.

BY LESLIE SHERWOOD MARBLE.

It is a general idea that a man unable to read or write must necessarily be uneducated and ignorant, and in many cases this is true. But there are exceptions to this, and one of the most intelligent, highest minds I ever knew was an old slave to whom the world of letters was a sealed book. He must have been over fifty when he first came to our house with his cart and white-wash brushes.

He was a man of a fine, open face, with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed to look straight into your soul. He was a man of a fine, open face, with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed to look straight into your soul.

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## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

(Dedicated to my friends of the Conversation Club.)

It was early morning when the ship moved from the harbor, bound for her destination. The shores faded and faded as she progressed. Soon a hazy horizon appeared on the sea, floating along with light; the first gleam of the sun sparkled in the distance, and the merry, happy wavellets danced and glistened in the illumination.

Light, glorious light, was everywhere. It cast its beams on the sea, and on the ship, and on the shore, which it left, transforming that which was first ugly and repulsive into fascination and beauty. The regular throbbing of the ship's engine pushed the waves, and the sun began to appear with clouds that grew thicker and thicker as they rolled and tumbled upon each other.

Rain commenced to fall, and a wind sprang up which soon increased to a terrific gale, and lashing the sea into a mad, furious sea, the ship was tossed and heeled deep between the waves, and the storm beat down into the trough of the sea, until it seemed as if the ship would be crushed under the waves, but it rose again, and quivering upon the crest of the next wave stood for an instant and then fell forward, and over its bow came a great breaking and breaking the safety ropes. The engine thrashed faster and faster, and the ship was crushed on the crest of the next wave, and the ship was crushed on the crest of the next wave, and the ship was crushed on the crest of the next wave.

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## SUNDAY MEDITATION.

A Study of the International Sunday-School Lesson Appointed for Dec. 25, 1892.

Subject: The Birth of the Infant Jesus Announced to the Shepherds by Gabriel.

(One reading these notes should first carefully study the paragraph from the Holy Scriptures as indicated above.)

1. Data.

The only Scriptural account of the angels and shepherds on the first Christmas night is furnished by St. Luke. We see our great indebtedness to the Gospel of the Beloved Physician. This would have been almost a different world without the beautiful story which we now study. Many a delightful Christmas carol would be robbed of its inspiration if St. Luke had failed to tell the story of the angels.

2. Time.

For all practical purposes we may put the date of Christ's birth on Dec. 25, B. C. 6. The matter has been subjected to much study, and no month of the 12 of the year has lacked claimants that Christ was born therein. All cities have united in the opinion the great event occurred in August. Pope Julius I. is credited with the date of the birth of Christ on the 25th of December as the day on which to celebrate the birth of our Savior. It is a beautiful fact and one of sufficient force to warrant the appointment of December the 25th, to wit, the day on which the angels began to sing and the shepherds to search for the child, and the day on which the shepherds to search for the child, and the day on which the shepherds to search for the child.

3. Place.

Christ was born in Bethlehem, V. 4. It was called the "City of David," from the fact he was born there. It was called Bethlehem-Ephrath, to distinguish it from a Bethlehem in the tribe of Zebulun. The place was about six miles south of Jerusalem.

The shepherds were out in the field not far from the city when the angels appeared and told them of the birth of our Lord. In *Forer's Life of Christ* we read:

"One mile from Bethlehem is a little plain, in which, under a grove of olive trees, stands the house of the shepherds. It is built over the traditional site of the fields where, in the beautiful story of the shepherds, each shepherd is said to have been watching his flock by night, when, in the night of the Lord's birth, the angels appeared to them and told them of the birth of our Lord."

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"One mile from Bethlehem is a little plain, in which, under a grove of olive trees, stands the house of the shepherds. It is built over the traditional site of the fields where, in the beautiful story of the shepherds, each shepherd is said to have been watching his flock by night, when, in the night of the Lord's birth, the angels appeared to them and told them of the birth of our Lord."

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